An Account of the Burning the Pope *at* Temple-Bar *in* London, *November* 17. 1679.

THE horrid Deſigns and Contrivances of the *Papiſts* for many years laſt paſt, for rooting out the *Proteſtant* Religion from under Heaven in this Kingdom as well as in all the *Proteſtant* Countries in *Europe*, has raiſed ſuch a juſt indignation in the breaſt of every good Chriſtian and True *Engliſhman*, That the people of this Nation have upon all occaſions endeavoured to diſcover their generous Deteſtation of thoſe curſed Invaders of their *Religion* and *Civil Liberties*; but never more apparently, then upon the 17th. of *November* 1679. that being the day on which the unfortunate Queen *Mary* died, and that Glorious Princeſs Queen *Elizabeth*, that *True Defender* of the Chriſtian Proteſtant Faith, aſcended the *Engliſh* Throne, and thereby diſpelled thoſe thick Clouds of *Egyptian Popiſh* Darkneſs, which had ſo long over-ſpread theſe Kingdoms.

Upon the ſaid 17*th.* of *November*, the Bells began to ring about Three a Clock in the Morning

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in the City of *London*; and ſeveral Honourable and Worthy Gentlemen belonging to the *Temple*, as well as the City (remembering the burning both of *London* and the *Temple*, which was apparently Executed by *Popiſh* Villany) were pleaſed to be at the charge of an Extraordinary Triumph, in commemoration of that bleſſed *Proteſtant* Queen, which was as follows:

In the Evening of the ſaid day, all things being prepared, the *Solemn Proceſſion* began, from *Moregate*, and ſo to *Biſhops-gate-ſtreet*, and down *Hounſditch* to *Aldgate*; through *Leaden-Hall-ſtreet*, *Cornhil*, by the *Royal Exchange*, through *Cheapſide* to *Temple*-Bar, in Order following,

1. Firſt marched ſix Whifflers in Pioneers Caps and Red Waſtcoats. 2. A Bellman ringing his Bell, and with a doleſome voice, crying all the way, *Remember Juſtice* Godfrey. 3. A dead Body repreſenting Juſtice *Godfrey* in the habit he uſually wore, and the *Crevat* wherewith he was murdered, about his Neck, with ſpots of Blood on his Wriſts, Breaſts and Shirt, and White Gloves on his Hands, his Face pale and wan riding upon a White Horſe, and one of his Murderers behind him to keep him from falling, in the ſame manner as he was carried to *Primroſe Hill*. 4. A Prieſt came next in a Surplice, and

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Cope Imbroidered with Dead mens *Sculls* and *Bones*, and *Skeletons*, who gave out Pardons very plentifully to all that would murder *Proteſtants*, and proclaiming it *Meritorious*. 5. A Prieſt alone with a large Silver Croſs. 6. Four *Carmelite Fryars* in White and Black Habits. 7. Four *Grey Fryars* in their proper Habits. 8. Six *Jeſuits* carrying bloody Daggers. 9. Four wind Muſick, called the *Waits*, playing all the way. 10. Four *Biſhops* in Purple, with Lawn ſleeves, and *Golden Croſſes* on their Breaſts, and *Croſier Staves* in their hands. 11. Four other Biſhops in their *Pontificalibus*, with Surplices and Rich imbroidered Copes, and Golden Miters on their Heads. 12. Six Cardinals in Scarlet Robes and Caps. 13. Then followed the Popes Chief Phyſician with *Jeſuits* powder in one hand, and an Urinal in the other. 14. Two Prieſts in Surplices, with Two Golden Croſſes. Laſtly, The *Pope* in a Glorious Pageant, or Chair of State, covered with Scarlet, the Chair being richly Embroidered and bedeckt with Golden Balls and Croſſes; at his Feet was a Cuſhion of State, and Two Boys ſate on each ſide the Pope, in Surplices with White Silk Banners, painted with Red Croſſes, and bloody Conſecrated Daggers for murdering *Proteſtant* Kings and Princes, with an Incenſe Pot before them

them, Calling His Holineſs. The *Pope* was arrayed in a rich Scarlet Gown, lined through with Ermines, and adorned with Gold and Silver Lace, with a *Triple Crown* on his Head, and a Glorious Collar of Gold and precious ſtones about his neck, and St. *Peters* Keys, a great quantity of *Beads*, *Agnus Dei's*, and other *Catholick* Trumpery about him. At his Back ſtood the Divel, *His Holineſs* Privy Councillor, Hugging and Whiſpering, him all the way, and oftentimes inſtructing him aloud to deſtroy His Majeſty, to contrive a pretended *Presbyterian* Plot, and to *fire the City* again, to which purpoſe he held an *Infernal Torch* in his hand; The whole Proceſſion was attended with an Hundred and Fifty Torches and Flambeaus by Order, but there were ſo many came in Voluntiers, as made the number to be ſeveral Thouſands. Never were the Balconies, Windows and Houſes more filled, nor the Streets more thronged with multitudes of People, all expreſſing their Abhorrence of Popery with continual Shouts and Acclamations, ſo that in the whole progreſs of their proceſſion, by a modeſt computation it is judged there could not be leſs then Two Hundred Thouſand Spectators.

Thus with a ſlow and ſolemn ſtate in ſome hours they arrived at *Temple-bar*, where all the Houſes

Houſes ſeemed to be converted into Heaps of Men, Women and Children, who were diverted with variety of Excellent Fireworks: It is known that *Temple-bar* ſince its rebuilding is adorned with Four ſtately Statues of ſtone, Two on each ſide the Gate, Thoſe toward the City Repreſenting Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James*, and the other Two toward the *Strand*, King *Charles* the Firſt, and our preſent Gracious Sovereign; Now in regard of the day, the Statue of Queen *Elizabeth* was adorned with a Crown of gilded Lawrel on her Head, and in her hand a Golden ſheild with this Motto inſcribed thereon, *The Proteſtant Religion, Magna Charta*; ſeveral lighted Torches were placed before her, and the Pope being brought up near the Gate, the Song following was ſung in parts, between one who repreſented the *Engliſh* Cardinal *Howard*, and another the People of *England*.

Cardinal *Howard*.

From York *to* London *Town we come*
to talk of Popiſh *Ire*,
To Reconcile you all to Rome,
And prevent Smithfield *Fire*.

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The People Anſwer.

Ceaſe! Ceaſe! thou Norfolk Cardinal,
See yonder ſtands Queen Beſs,
Who ſav'd our Souls from Popiſh Thrall,
O Queen Beſs, *Queen* Beſs, *Queen* Beſs,

Your Popiſh Plot *and* Smithfield *Threat,*
We do not fear at all,
For Loe! beneath Queen Beſſes *feet,*
You fall, *you* fall, *you* fall.

Now God preſerve Great CHARLES *our King.*
And eke all Honeſt *men;*
And Traytors all *to Juſtice bring,*
Amen, Amen, Amen.

Then having entertained the thronging Spectators for ſome time with the Ingenious Fireworks, a very great Bonefire was prepared at the *Inner-Temple-Gate*, and his *Holineſs* after ſome Complements and Reluctancies was decently tumbled into the Flames, the Devil who till then had faithfully Accompanied him, left his Holineſs in the Lurch, and laughing, gave him up to his Deſerved Fate. This laſt Act of his *Holineſs* Tragedy was attended with ſuch a prodigious Shout

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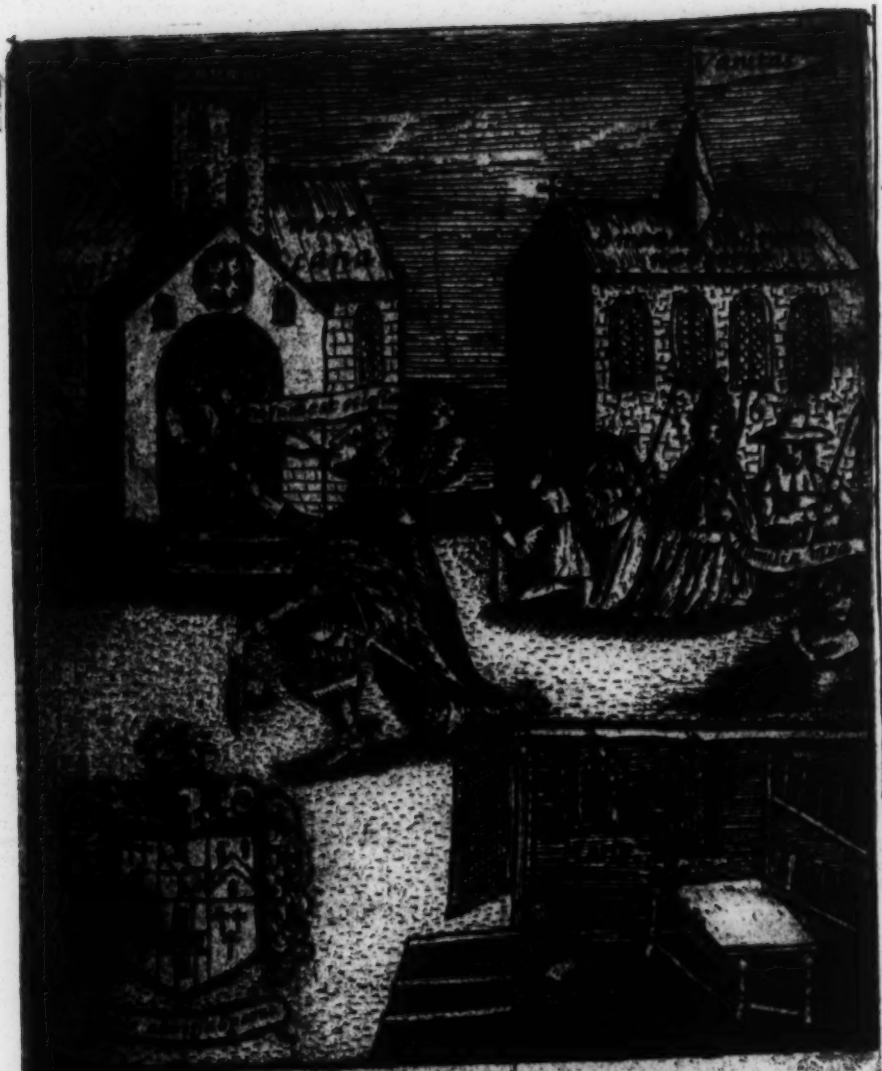
of the joyful Spectators, that it might be heard far beyond *Sommerſet-Houſe*, and we hope the ſound thereof will reach all *Europe*. The ſame Evening there were Bonfires in moſt ſtreets of *London*, and univerſal Acclamations, Long live King *Charles*, and let *Popery* periſh, and *Papiſts* with their Plots and Counter-Plots be for ever Confounded as they have hitherto been. To which every honeſt *Engliſh* Man will readily ſay, *Amen*.

The Discovery of the Popish Plot.

I. Kilott sculp



the Church, one of her yongest Sonnes,
gate presents, these Lucubrations,
Feares not her harsh Censure for hee knowes,
readers are kind, and shee the best of those,
Benediction, if you please to give
will make the Author, and his Lynes to Live,
though Rome Curse, t'shall never trouble him,
Rome be Eball, heres his Gerizim.